VOL. XLII. No. 1075. PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 13th, 1897. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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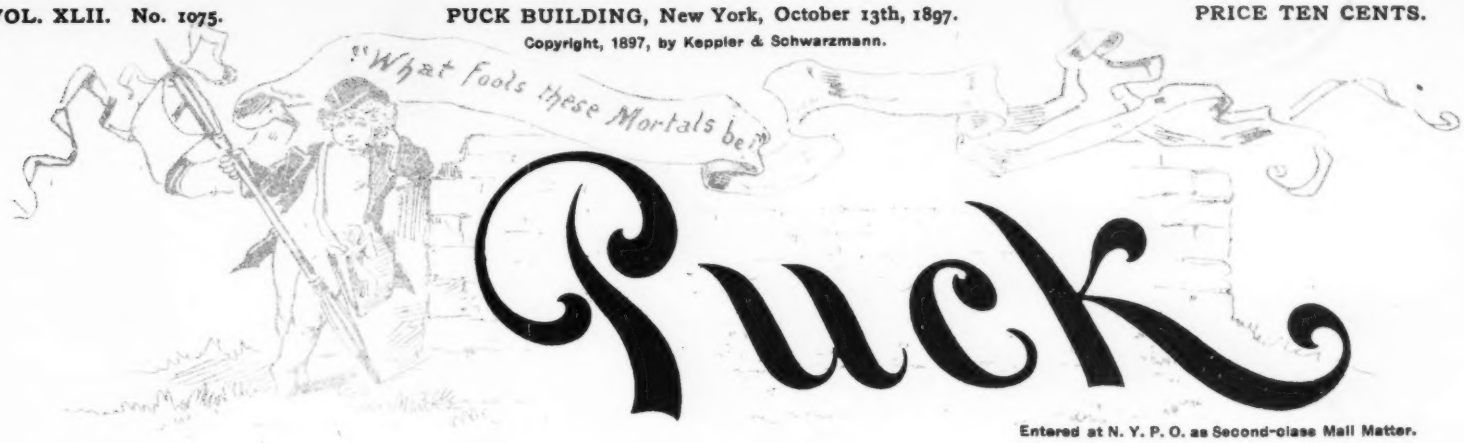

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TIME NEARLY UP.

UNCLE SAM.—It 's a good rule, when you 're mad, to count twenty before you speak; but, by Jingo! I 'm up to seventeen, now!

RECKLESS HABITS.

"Mrs. Toddler does n't trust her husband to wheel the baby-buggy any more."

"Why not?"

"He 's one of those scorchers, and the other night he nearly killed the baby trying to keep up with a man on a bicycle."

OF THAT ILK.

"From Ex-Senator Lauterbach's name I am led to believe he is of German extraction."

"Yes; Platt-deutsch!"

HOPE NOT.

"They say Stephen Crane is a delightful conversationalist."

"Yes; I hear he talks like a book."

"Not one of his own books, I hope."

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CONSIDERED HIMSELF AN AUTHORITY.

MRS. PORKCHOPS *(in Europe)*.— They say the family used to have hundreds of retainers.

MR. PORKCHOPS.— Spent 'em all, did they?

MRS. PORKCHOPS.— Spent them? I guess you don't know what a retainer is.

MR. PORKCHOPS.— I don't, don't I? I guess I 've had as much law business as most folks!

PROSPERITY'S ADVANCE AGENT.

"HAW! HAW!" chuckled Baldy Splicer, Esq., Justice of the Peace of Connubial Corners, as he glanced out at his office window; "if my eyes ain't deceivin' me, I am about to be favored by a call from no less a pusson than the Advance Agent of Prosperity, b' jee!"

The Agent, with a great art work to be delivered in 699 weekly instalments at fifty cents per instalment, pricked up his ears with interest.

"Is that so?" he cried. "The Advance Agent of Prosperity, eh?"

"Yep!" repeated the justice, merrily jingling a pocketful of change; "the Advance Agent of Prosperity, b' jee!"

"Bill McKinley, eh?"

"Nope; Bill Steerer."

"Bill Steerer! — who 's Bill Steerer?"

"Porter of the Palace Hotel an' Advance Agent of Prosperity, b' jee!"

"Huh!" grunted the puzzled Agent; "how do you make out that this here Bill — Bill Steerer — is the Advance Agent of Prosperity?"

"How do I make it out, sir?" cried the Justice, as he spun a silver dollar in the air and adroitly caught it in his palm. "Plain enough, sir; plain enough! In the last year, sir, this yere Bill Steerer has rounded up fer me jes' one hundred and twenty-nine bridal couple who wanted to be jined at two dollars per jine!"

And, even as he spoke, the Advance Agent of Prosperity burst into the room with the whispered glad tidings that there was "a hen on ag'in down to the hotel!"

Earle H. Eaton.

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A LUCKY CHANCE.

PATSY WHALEN *(studying his lesson)*.— Sir Isaac Newton discovered the great law of gravitation by an apple falling on his head.

WHALEN.— Shure and it 's a good t'ing fer science thot it was n't a hod o' bricks, thin, or he 'd never knowed phwat it was.

Love's Games, Progressive.

When Prue, a winsome witching maid,
At tennis first her skill essayed,
I conned its parlance o'er,
And told her what *I* thought of love;
Alas! no vantage did it prove—
She voted me a bore.

Next whist absorbed her active mind,
I played, too, not to be behind,
Led hearts (my suit was long);
I stood, then, something like fourth best,
She cleared my suit, I did the rest,
Our hands united strong.

Billiards ensnared my fiancée,
I loved to watch her eager play,
Though many a stroke she missed;
The room was a secluded spot
And oft it chanced the balls were not
The only ones that kissed.

Now we are wed. Each pleasant day
We give to golf. And now we say
Love's links our lives surround;
And, when with caddy and with tea
She sits at table, home 's for me
A perfect tee-ing ground!

Beatrice Hanscom.

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A FABLE.

A LOVING AND credulous Ostrich, who had suffered a series of blighted affections, was one day walking disconsolately To and Fro in the early agony of her latest Grass widowhood, when she Inadvertently came upon the dead body of A Sparrow. Struck with the piteous Sight she stopped, and lifted up her Voice in moralizing Lamentation.

"Poor, inanimate Mite! Poor, Fleeted voice! How joyous, how auspicious Was thy morn! How Frosty and calamitous thy Early night! Where are now thy Soft allurements, thy Warbled Witcheries, thy downy excellences? All gone. Alas! How inscrutable are the purposes Of Nature, which maketh A dead sparrow just as much Dead as a dead elephant. Lo! we Are here to-day and hereafter to-morrow, And no man knoweth What July may bring fourth!" Saying which, she wept Bitterly, and consumed three quarts Of scrap iron.

Continuing on her way, Her meditations were interrupted by A series of Tiny wails. Stepping aside from her path, She discovered a nest of motherless Sparrows. Filled with maternal tenderness At this affecting sight, her Grief broke Out afresh. Through her falling tears she Counted Up their helpless number. There were four and no more.

"Poor, motherless Babes!" she exclaimed between her Sobs; "the tiny sparrow which I saw lying cold And still was thy remembered parent, and Thou Art now exposed to every storm and Biting blast. Yet fear Not, neither Let ye lament. I, too, have known the griping Agony of a broken heart on Numberless occasions. My bosom melts to See thee. I Will nourish And protect thee, and Wipe away all tears. I will be A mother to thee." Whereupon she nestled Over them, and gathered them under Her wing, and sat down upon Them in the likeness of their mother. And, behold! Again they Were four —and No more.

MORAL.

A heart as Big as an ostrich does not Necessarily qualify a woman to teach A kindergarten.

EVERY MAN who has been engaged before, tells his fiancée how glad he is he discovered his mistake in time.

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A REFUTATION.

ROBBINS.— What in the world does Hardy Upton mean by wearing a Winter overcoat and a Summer suit?

DOBBINS.— Why, a report got around that he had to soak his Summer suit before he got his Winter overcoat out. Hardy is trying to prove that the report is unfounded.

HER SCARE HEAD.

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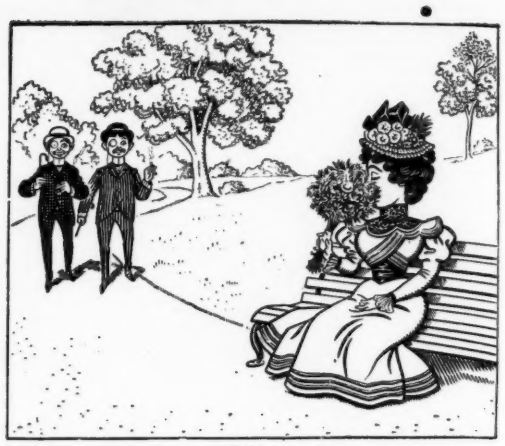
I.

ARABELLA.—Oh! is n't this too bad? Here comes two of those mashers. I am sure they will annoy me with their attentions, and I can't leave here because I promised to meet George at this spot in half an hour.

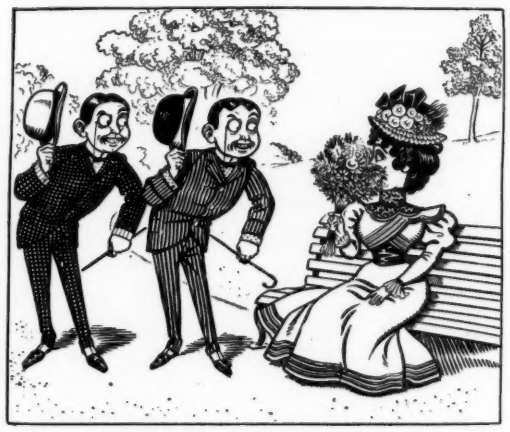
II.

"Ah! I know what I will do! Here is this false nose I took from brother Willy this morning!"



III.

ONE MASHER.—Aw! Cholly! Just look at that blooming peach sitting on the bench. Let us steal her.



IV.

THE MASHERS. — Aw! — a — most lovely day, is n't it, my dear?

ARABELLA *(lowering the bouquet)*.—Did you young men address me?

VI.

ARABELLA *(removing the nose)*.—Girls who don't wish to flirt don't have to flirt!

THE SAGE'S SAY-SO.

"ABNER," began the Kohack Philosopher, in a solemn voice, addressing his callow nephew, who was being slowly reduced to skin and bones by the double strain of going through the initial love affair and furnishing sustenance for his first moustache; "have you ever stopped to consider the tremendous responsibilities you take upon yourself when you enter into matrimony?"

"Well, — tee-hee! —" shamefacedly tittered the young fellow; "I don't know as I have thought much —"

"Thought much?" broke in the old codger, harshly. "Of course, not! No young feller in love ever thinks much. They git as far as indorsin' the old sayin' that two can live as cheap as one, and then their mental machinery stops stock-still. Do you know that marriage is a lottery?"

"No-o-o-o, sir."

"Warl, it ain't! If you draw a blank in a lottery you can throw it away. See the point? Ever realize that matrimony is a holy rite?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Huh! How do you know it is? If it is a holy rite, how does it happen that so many who marry find themselves wholly left, eh?"

"I dud-don't know."

"No; I guess not! Has it ever burnt its way into your head that a man ought to use as much judgement in choosin' a wife as he would in selectin' a horse? That 's what he ought to do; but if, in pickin' out a wife, he is governed by her chin, for instance, he 'll be very likely to keep on bein' governed by it all the rest of his natural life. Last of all, do you realize that a man who is unhappily married would be a whole lot more comfortably situated if he was in the middle of the Pit of Torment with his back broken?"

"Nun-nun-no, sir!" stammered the swain, in great agitation, as the enormity of his contemplated action flashed over him with sickening suddenness. "I — I never thought of all that! Pup-pup-perhaps I 'd better —"

"No, you had n't!" interrupted the old rapscallion. "You need n't go and do anything of the kind! I was jest askin' for information; that 's all. If you have n't thought over the matter at all, you are in a proper and fittin' condition to git married and live happy. Marriage, Abner, is one of the things with which reason and judgement have nothing whatever to do — happiness in marriage is attained only through blind faith. And, in spite of all the analyses that wise men have put it through, the happiest state of human existence is married life. Now, when you go over to see the little girl who is all the world to you, kiss her once for me and think of nothin' but that the greatest blessin' bestowed on humanity is the right to love and be loved."

Tom P. Morgan.

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AN UP-TO-DATE HIGHLAND FEUD.

SANDY MACPHERSON *(scornfully)*.— Hoot awa, mon! ye wadna pay twenty guineas for siccan a wheel as that?

DONALD MACGREGOR *(hotly)*.— Hoot awa, yersell! That 's the best make o' wheel in a' Scotland, an' it 's worth sax o' that puir thing ye hae!

QUITE NATURAL.

Jack is fond of his horn, we know,
And he 's fond of his pipe, likewise;
So, the fact that he likes his hornpipe, too,
Should occasion no surprise.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

MISS GOTROX.—Jack is up to date.

HER FRIEND.—What do you mean?

MISS GOTROX.—Last night he asked me to be his Klondike.

AN APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT.

FIRST WHEELMAN.—These people who deliberately try to puncture tires ought to get a couple of years at hard labor.

SECOND WHEELMAN.—That 's right. They should be compelled to work at constructing cycle paths.

A MAN MUST either put up with much or put up for much to get along in this world.

THERE IS nothing more disconcerting than to know that some one else knows that we don't know what we ought to know.

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INSULTED.

MOSE YALLERTON.—I think youh sistah am very chic.

MELINDA MOKEBY *(angrily)*.—D' yoh mean to 'sinuate dat she looks like a hen?

A CLEW.

PAPA *(to* MAMA*)*.—It *is* wonderful what becomes of all the pins made!—

THE BABY *(suddenly)*.—Wow! Yow! Yow!

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NO DAMAGE.

TOURIST *(in Kansas)*.—Did the cyclone do much damage?

NATIVE.—Could n't say as it did, stranger. It blowed away an old feller that lived down the road, but he was the meanest good-for-nothin'est old cuss in the hull county.

THE SUPREME TEST.

"Miss Fastidity is very dainty in her manners, is n't she?"

"I should say so. Why, she can even eat corn off the ear without looking as though she had both hoofs in the trough."

COSTLY.

BROWNELL.—It is n't the bicycle which costs the money. It is the bicycle attachments.

HARKNESS *(admonishingly)*.—True;—but then you should not form one for every pretty bicycle girl you meet.

WHEN A FRIEND gets married a bachelor looks dubious and interested, and a benedict wise and hopeful.

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THE PROPER THING.

CLERK.—I would n't like to cut this piece of lace just for one yard, Madam; and, besides, that is n't enough to trim anything.

SHOPPER.—Oh! I did n't want it for trimming; but it 's so nice to have a piece of lace around the house as an heirloom, you know.

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FORCED TEACHING.

MRS. DOOLEY.—An' phwat bees yez doin' to yez Mary Ann?

MRS. CASEY.—Shure, th' ould mon jist found out that he was a descindent av the ould Oirish kings, an' he do be afther tachin' Mary Ann how t' hould her head afther hovin' thot same knowledge.

EXTREME COURTESY.

"SUPPOSE you have often heard of preoccupied people apologizing to clothing-store dummies, after having accidentally brushed against them," remarked Urbanby, with a chuckle.

"I 've done it myself, darn 'em!" replied Harkins, with a scowl at the recollection.

"Well, my wife is n't satisfied to let it go at that," continued Urbanby; "she pushes her politeness over into the ridiculous."

"How so?" asked Harkins, with intense curiosity.

"Why, this morning she was bent on getting me a necktie that I would wear, and stopped to look at some in Hasfitsteins & Dazzlevitch's window," explained Urbanby, in a glow of glee. "As she spotted one she was sure would suit, and started to rush into the store to secure it before some one else bought it, she banged square into one of the dummies. Of course, without thinking what she was doing, she apologized. Then, however, she realized that it was nothing but a dummy; and, in her confusion over her mistake, she tried to square things by saying fervently, 'Oh! I *beg* your pardon; I thought you were a man!'"

Alex. Ricketts.

TO LAY A LAY.

The kingly brow relaxed.

"That," his majesty replied, "is the poet laureate. Oh! he lays over pretty much everything!"

Such of the courtiers as saw the point, and laughed with any semblance of cordiality and *esprit du corps*, were suitably decorated forthwith.

A WOMAN IS beset with difficulties; to sell a present is ungrateful; to sell a future is gambling; and she can't sell a past without going on the stage, which involves buying a wardrobe.

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SURE SIGN.

WEARY.—I kin always tell when I gits as fer as de door uv a house if I 'm goin' ter git somethin' ter eat er not.

BLEARY.—How?

WEARY.—If it sez "Welcome" on de door mat den I gits nit.

MEANS TO THE END.

"I have no illusions," said the young man who was stage struck; "I expect to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work up. I see the years before me of work, failure and disappointments. But, in the end, study, steadfast ambition and unceasing endeavor will triumph, and I shall reach the zenith of my fame, and be then, at last, the foremost tragedian of my time!"

"And what then?" queried the First Old Man.

"And then," exclaimed the aspirant for Thespian honors—his form erect, his eyes flashing—"and then I will enter vaudeville!"

BACK FROM THE ROAD.

FIRST ACTOR.—Struck a frost, did you?

SECOND ACTOR.—Say, it was a regular Chilkoot Pass!

DOLLY.

DOLLY'S LIPS do make a bow
Fit for Cupid's arming:
Dolly's cheek doth flush and glow
In a way that 's charming;
Dolly's dainty gown of white
Hath so sweet a clinging,
Love and pain, in chasing flight,
Through my heart are winging.

Dolly hath the softest hair—
Would that I might stroke it!
All my heart 's in Dolly's care—
She, I fear, hath broke it:
Parting, drops my hand so light—
None could think she 'd miss me—
Yet my heart will break to-night—
If she do not kiss me.

Dolly's lips do make a bow—
Love hath none more killing;
Somehow, Dolly lets me know
That her lips are willing.
Holds them just a breath apart;
And when mine do find them,
All her heart steals to my heart
Where our kiss doth bind them.

Charles Buxton Going.

A GOOD REASON FOR IT.

CALLER.—In yesterday's paper you said Miss Footlight was one of the most beautiful women on the stage. Why did n't you print her picture?

EDITOR.—We never take back what we say.

WITHIN THE POSSIBILITIES.

"I see that the rush to the Klondike still continues."

"Yes. Should n't wonder if we 'd soon hear the cry of 'Klondike for the Klondikers!'"

IN THE MUSEUM.

VISITOR.—Excuse me, Mister, but there 's one thing I would like to ask you.

THE ARMLESS WONDER.—What is it?

VISITOR.—How *do* you manage to steer your wheel?

IT IS pretty easy to see through a woman who thinks of nothing but dress; and her clothes, as a general thing, don't make it any less easy.

EMERGENCIES ARE the unanticipated happenings which the man of wisdom always expects.

TRUTH CRUSHED to earth will not only rise again, but now and then it will rise before election.

THE CHARITY of the sewing circle uncovereth a multitude of sins.

PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is $5.00 per year. $2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months. Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, October 13, 1897. — No. 1075.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PLATT AND PLATTISM.

IN SPEAKING of the local political situation recently, Bishop Potter said that he looked for Seth Low to be elected Mayor of Greater New York because he had faith in the integrity and intelligence of the voters. No voter, it is safe to say, will feel that this faith in his integrity and intelligence is misplaced, however he may mean to vote. Nor will the integrity of the voters of Greater New York be impeached if Bishop Potter is disappointed. For an unintelligent man may be honest. A believer in our institutions must concede the integrity of any considerable body of voters, and ascribe their disasters solely to a lack of understanding. It is not reasonable to say that no honest man can believe in Mr. Platt's system of government; but it is a fair proposition for argument that no intelligent man can do so.

* * *

In deciding whether or not Plattism is an evil it may be of help to take an unprejudiced look at the gentleman from whom it takes its name. Mr. Platt is unique. He is an old man and he has been for thirty years or so what we call a public man. We have other men old in public life, but the name of any one of them suggests some principle for which he has fought,— Protection, Free-Trade, Bimetalism, Free Silver — or we recall him for some stand he has taken, right or wrong — on some great question of the day. It is a curious and suggestive fact that Mr. Platt, throughout his long public career, has never come to the surface except in connection with some squabble about office, or some audacious display of his power for corruptly manipulating our legislature at Albany. He is supposed to be a Republican; yet all that is known of him is that he works with the Republican machine. His support of Republican doctrines, where it is perceptible at all, is formal and perfunctory. He very early showed his conception of the dignity of the office of United States Senator by resigning it because of a quarrel about patronage. Now he is a Senator again by virtue of his Boss-ship over our Legislature, and he has given no sign that he does not still regard the place as a mere office-getting agency. Thus far during his term many momentous questions have been debated in the Senate, and things of grave import to the country have been done. But Mr. Platt has not concerned himself with any of them. His name has been printed many times, but never for any opinion he has expressed on any question of importance, — invariably in connection with some question of place-getting for some member of his machine. It will be seen that Mr. Platt is not of the class we describe as statesmen.

* * *

Yet there seem to be men of all conditions who approve of Plattism, from a great and good man like President McKinley down to the ridiculous Mr. Quigg; and it is a subject that may well engage the thought of the common or garden voter. PUCK'S own opinion, the result of a twenty years' study of the article, is that Plattism is the science of getting places and selling legislation, by a small band of unscrupulous men who substitute false issues for true ones, and so mislead the voters. It is a system of government by blackmail. It deadens all moral sensibility and sharpens the instinct of lawless greed. It not only sells favoring legislation, but extorts money from corporations for withholding adverse legislation. It goes lower than that: it makes the liquor seller pay for immunity from laws it passes with that very end in view; it demands tithes from the gambling-house keeper; and, professedly for the glory of its political party, it even stoops to share the gains of the prostitute. There has been no city official, high or low, Judge or janitor, that could have been ignorant of any one of these practices of Plattism. That Tammany has principally enjoyed their fruits does not make the term Plattism the least bit less suggestive. Mr. Platt is insisting upon a continuance of this kind of government, and his record suggests most pointedly that he would out-Tammany Tammany if he had the chance.

* * *

If voters decide that Plattism is an evil, their next problem is: Can a candidate rise higher than his source? If a man whom they have hitherto supposed to be upright begins to consort with shady characters and to give his approval to their corrupt practices, are they not bound to believe that he is as bad as his associates? To get back to men and things, can any man who accepts the Mayoralty nomination from Mr. Platt be one whit better than Mr. Platt in his political morals? There are many conscientious Republicans in this city who have a healthy contempt for Mr. Platt and his eternal cry for more spoils, but who would argue concerning such a candidate as General Tracy that his previous good character is a sufficient guarantee of his fitness. The facts are against them. If Plattism is an evil no candidate who accepts Platt's terms can be worthy. As the force that produces him is good or bad, so must be a candidate's intentions. There are honest voters who will dispute this, but it presents a fair field for the exercise of that intelligence with which Bishop Potter, and PUCK as well, credits them. To be logical they must reject Platt's candidate if they reject Platt, — whether that candidate be the Hon. Benjamin F. Tracy or the Angel Gabriel.

DRUMSHEUGH TO THE SURVIVORS AT DRUMTOCHTY.

SCOTS wha hae Maclaren read,
Scots wham haggis aft has fed,
Div ye ken thot Jamie 's dead?
Jamie Soutar's tongue is still.

Maclure is gane, an' Geordie Howe,
An' Marget 's wi' 'em noo I trow.
Their blude it stains the murderer's brow,
Ian Maclaren killed them a'.

Wae 's me, Drumtochty mourns their loss,
Murdered a' for goold an' dross.
What can we dae? Maclaren 's boss,
All our lives are in his hond.

He is a' Drumtochty's foe,
Rise ye men an' lay him low.
Leeberty 's in every blow!
Forward! Let us do or dee!

Before a mony days are past
We 'll all lie doon an' breathe oor last.
Wha makes oor kirkyard fill sae fast?
Ian Maclaren — he 's the mon.

Isaac Anderson.

DOUBTFUL.

"Tammany," said the enthusiastic adherent of the Wigwam, "will sweep the city on Election Day."

"Possibly," said the other man; "but Tammany never swept it any other day."

NOTWITHSTANDING ITS most vigorous efforts, the fly has thus far been unable to attain the same degree of unpopularity as the mosquito.

CITIZENS OF all shades of political opinion agree that the base-ball umpire should be non-partisan.

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SHOPPING.

UNCLE SILAS.—What does it say on that there sign — it ain't "no trouble to show goods?"

AUNT MELINDA.—Yes; but it 's a heap of trouble to get 'em showed.

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HE SHOULD N'T HAVE ANY

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VE ANY TROUBLE IN CHOOSING.

LONELYVILLE BY NIGHT.

"PUTTING ON these rubbers," testily exclaimed Mr. Isolate, of the suburb of lovely Lonelyville, the other evening, addressing his friend, Mr. Hermitage, as he selected his galoshes from the long line of rubbers and rubber boots left in the Lonelyville R. R. station by their owners, on going to business that morning, to be donned again upon their return from the city, at night; "putting on these rubbers reminds me to advise that, if you ever invite a city acquaintance out to enjoy the hospitality of our beautiful little rural Paradise, over Sunday, you insist that, if he can't come out on the train with you, he shall, at least, reach Lonelyville before nightfall.

"You put a suburbanite down in any part of New York City, at any time of night, and he is right at home, and knows how to properly deport himself," Mr. Isolate continued, complacently; "but," he fumed, "let a city person alight from an evening train, in the midst of a beautiful suburb, and all the common sense he ever possessed seems to desert him! Now, there is my wife's own brother, Mr. Citily, of New York, who has been here two or three times, and certainly ought to know what to do; but when he came out, Saturday evening, on the Ten-nine-and-one-fourth local, do you imagine that he ever so much as asked the station agent to lend him a pair of rubbers to wear up to the house, or thought to borrow a lantern? No, sir!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Hermitage, politely incredulous. "Perhaps he had rubbers,—but one would think he certainly would know that he would set all the dogs in lovely Lonelyville barking, if the intelligent creatures saw him wandering about at that time of night without a lantern!"

"Well, he did n't have any rubbers, and crazily ambling around beautiful Lonelyville without any lantern, did set all the dogs barking. However, I would n't say anything if that was the extent of his imbecility," Mr. Isolate added, becoming grave and confidential. "You see, as Citily stumbled past the Obscurely cottage, Deacon Obscurely was out in his back-yard in a mackintosh, quietly taking in the wash, their cook having suddenly left them. I saw the Deacon wheeling her trunk down to the station, in a wheelbarrow, that afternoon, myself. Now, you or I, or any other suburbanite, passing the house, would have continued right along, and delicately pretended not to see the Deacon. But, do you believe that my metropolitan-loon brother-in-law did so? —Hardly! Imagining Deacon Obscurely to be some predatory tramp helping himself to the wash, Citily, burning to distinguish himself, started across the lawn and flower beds toward him.

"Of course, the Deacon, astonished and embarrassed, dodged back of the woodshed with the clothes-basket; and then began a most disgraceful and undignified chase around the Obscurely premises. The alarmed Deacon had all he could do to keep ahead, hampered as he was by the immense clothes-basket and the tails of his mackintosh; familiarity with the lay of the chicken coops only enabling him to keep out of reach of Citily, whom he naturally imagined was either a highwayman or a raving lunatic. He was just giving out when, upon chasing around the house, the third time, he was able to slip in the back way. He and his wife locked and bolted all the windows and doors; and, while Citily, who had not seen him get into the house, roamed up and down outside and rang the door-bell, they trembled and shook, in fear of their lives. Mrs. Obscurely, the next day, confided to Amabel that, even when Citily, whom they happily never recognized, finally went away, they sat up all night in terror, lest he return and murder them!"

Con. Converse.

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COMPARING INJURIES.

MAGISTRATE.—What is the charge?

PLAINTIFF. — She ran me down with her wheel, broke my arm, cut my head, sprained my ankle, and bruised—

DEFENDANT.— Yes; and you broke six of my spokes, bent my sprocket wheel, broke my gear chain, and punctured my tire.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

SMITH.—Doctor, the appendicitis epidemic seems to have subsided somewhat during the last two years. To what do you ascribe the cause?

DR. KILL VON KILL.—To the hard times.

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HER OWN CAKE, TOO!

MRS. NEWLYWED. — I 'm going to sprinkle a little poison on this piece of angel cake, and put it where the mice can get it; I think it will kill them.

MR. NEWLYWED.—Why, of course it will! But why do you put the poison on it?

A GOOD DEAL IN SUCH A FACT.

COYOTE SAM.—Well, I guess business is on the gain all over the country.

NEVADA NED. — You 're right, there, Pard! Holdout Hank says he kin report two hands of four aces last night as against a maximum of only three sixes for the correspondin' night of last year.

A DISTINCTION.

SHE.—I suppose you have had some narrow escapes in playing foot-ball?

HE.—I have had some hairbreadth escapes.

LEFT HELPLESS.

JINKS.—That remark of yours shut Robson up very promptly, did n't it?

FILKINS *(complacently)*. —Yes; I rather think it took the wind out of his tires.

ALL THINGS come to him who waits; but if he lets them pass he may wait in vain for them to come back.

IGNORANCE OF the law excuses no one for practicing it.

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SYMPATHY.

CARRIE.—There goes Miss Serely and her dissipated fiancé. She says she is going to marry him to reform him.

FANNY. — Poor thing! I suppose she can't get any one who does n't need reform?

A DELAYED ARRIVAL.

I'M WAITING the hour my ship comes in.
She carries no fortune from parts abroad;
Yet fetches a treasure, I pray, to win —
The beautiful passenger sailing aboard.

She enters my harbor at times, indeed!
Then, suddenly jibing, she sheers away;
Refusing my signals the slightest heed,
She points for my rival's adjoining bay.

When weather is foggy I 'll barely sight
Her canvas for days; when the vapors rise
I see in the offing a speck of white,
Locating the spot where the vessel lies.

But, granting her voyage shall end with me,
Her imbecile captain and crew and mate
Shall suffer a horrible penalty
For letting their passenger navigate.

Layton Brewer.

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HAD MISTAKEN THE PLACE.

"What!" demanded the amazed and angry British tourist; "no 'boots' in this blawsted tawvern?"

"Naw; we ain't got no boots!" replied the unabashed porter. "This is a hotel; this ain't no department store."

FULLER PARTICULARS.

"Can't afford to fire them, can't I?" snorted Nebuchadnezzar, full of wrath. "Why, Great Scott! I 've got Hebrew children to burn!"

A few hours later, however, as he looked into the fiery furnace, into which he had cast them, he muttered disappointedly:

"Oh! I don't know! You ain't so warm!"

And the remark went thundering down the ages.

NOT TEACHING GRATUITOUSLY.

FIRST POLITICIAN. — Of course, this is a campaign of education —

SECOND POLITICIAN. — Sure! And we expect to get our tuition fees out of the public treasury.

THE NEW WOMAN may enter the ministry; but, so far, she does n't seem inclined to take orders.

AWHILE AGO the tendency of literature was to call a spade almost anything else; now the tendency is to call almost anything else a spade.

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HE WOULD GET MOST OF IT.

RICH UNCLE.— I have just made my will in your favor, Tom. I have left all my money to the Foreign Missionary Society, and specified that they must engage you as their lawyer when the other heirs try to break the will. I left it that way, so as to make sure of your getting it, Tom — roast them, my boy; roast them! If you let them missionaries get a cent of it I 'll come back and haunt you!

TOO MUCH HEAT.

DINKS.— It 's a mystery to me what Fenilworth 's done with his father's fortune. It seems to me only the other day that he had money to burn.

BOTTS.— Well, that was the trouble, I guess. He had such a variety of flames who were anxious to be warm friends of his.

HE ADMITS ITS FORCE.

THE COLONEL.— One effect of prohibition, sah, is to make some people drink whiskey who would otherwise drink beer.

THE MAJOR.— You don't say so, Colonel? Well, sah, that 's the only argument in favor of Prohibition that ever appealed to me!

"PA," said Willy, "I guess I know why matches are made in heaven. It would n't be safe makin' 'em in the other place."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.

SOHMER & CO.,

Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free;* it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.
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The Improved
Boston Garter
Easy and Secure.
Extra Super Webs.
Finest Nickel Trimmings.
The Velvet Grip
Cushion Button
— Clasp —
Lies flat to the leg.
Cannot Unfasten Accidentally.
Sold Everywhere.
Sample pair by Mail Silk 50c Cott. 25c
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George Frost Co., Boston, Mass.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will send free on application full information how to grow hair on bald heads, stop hair falling and produce a fine growth of whiskers, mustaches, etc.
C. D. LORRIMER & CO.,
1005 Penn Ave., Baltimore, Md.

WHEELAWAY.—There 's one way by which pedestrians might avoid collision with bicycles.

PEDALONG.—How?

WHEELAWAY.—Let them carry bells themselves.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE,

PURE and MELLOW,

The American Gentleman's Drink

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

10 YEARS OLD. **THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA.**

Endorsed by Leading Physicians When Stimulant is prescribed.

SOLD AT ALL First-class Cafés and by Jobbers.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure." WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

SECRET OF SUCCESS.

THIN BOARDER.—I don't see how you manage to fare so well at this boarding-house. I have industriously courted the landlady and all her daughters, but I 'm half starved.

FAT BOARDER.—I courted the cook.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A HARLEM HUBBY.

"Well, I 'm not going to run any such risk, my dear."

"That 's just like you, John! Ever since you 've got your life insured you 've been awfully afraid you 'd get killed!"—*Harlem Life.*

POETS are born, not made; and this is a good thing, for we should have the whole country full of machine-made poets writing advertisements for soap and sausages if it were otherwise.—*Washington Capital.*

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THE CHARGES FELL FLAT.

THE CANDIDATE.—Well, so long, Mr. Casey! I 'm glad that those stories about me don't cut any ice with you.

THE CITIZEN.—Divil a bit. Sure, the mon thot 's runnin' ag'in you is ivery bit as bad.

Upheld by Beautiful Women Everywhere

as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having

"No. 4711" WHITE ROSE TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP. Send 15c. in stamps for sample cake.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U. S. AGENTS.

YOU can always tell a newly married man, because he buys every fool patent labor-saving device for the kitchen that comes along.—*Washington Democrat.*

1786 ——— 1897

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
HUDSON, NEW YORK.

The Ale without sediment.

See that it is there!

This is the trade-mark which is on the wrapper (salmon-colored) of every bottle of the genuine SCOTT'S EMULSION. Be sure this is on the package, and that nothing else is palmed off on you when you ask for it.

Nothing has been made that equals it to give strength and solid flesh to those who are run down or emaciated.

Your doctor will tell you that it is the one food for all those whose weight is below the standard of health.

Put up in 50 cts. and $1.00 sizes, and sold by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

My Patent Covers for Filing PUCK are **SIMPLE,** STRONG and EASILY used.

They preserve the copies in perfect shape. Price, 75 cents each; by mail, $1.00. United States Postage Stamps taken.
Address: H. WIMMEL,
39 East Houston St., N. Y.

A PARROT'S talking seems to be a good deal like a baby's: intelligible only to its owner.—*Atchison Globe.*

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are *more durable* and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St.; EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John St.; TOWER MFG. CO., 306 Broadway, New York. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia. HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston. A. C. MCCLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. BROWN BROS., Lim., 68 King Street, Toronto.

WHEN a girl fails to attract any other man, she goes in for her minister.—*Atchison Globe.*

Eat **Pim-Olas** (Patent Applied For)

Wholesome and Appetizing.
The Newest and Most Fashionable Relish in the Market.

Pim-Olas are carefully selected Queen Olives stuffed with sweet Spanish Pimientos, and preserved in a specially Prepared Sauce.

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Seville Packing Co
77-79 Hudson St, New York.

THEATRE TRAIN FOR CHICAGO — 12:10 Midnight — via NEW YORK CENTRAL

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, WHISKEY, TOM GIN, MARTINI, HOLLAND GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

So handy to have in the house; can be served in a minute's notice. You will not be found just out of the necessaries to make a cocktail. Having tried our bottled "Cocktails," you will never be without them.

These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
39 Broadway, N. Y. Hartford, Conn.
20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

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High Novelties Just Opened.

French Barre Stripes,
Satin and Boucle Borders,
French and Scotch Plaids,
Embroidered and Braided Robes.

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NEW YORK.

OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the KEELEY Institute, White Plains, N. Y., or 358 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

Her Reason.

REGINALD.—Why should a rich woman, like you, surrounded by every luxury, want to get married?

MISS UP-TO-DATE.—I 'm afraid to go cycling alone.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, Eiffel Tower Fruit Juices, White's Jelly Crystals, are now exhibited and their merits demonstrated at the Madison Square Garden, American Institute Fair. Do not lose the opportunity

A Sad Blow.

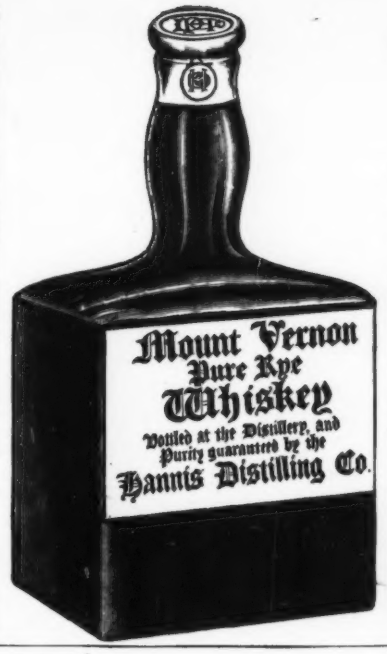
MR. BLIFFERS.—Beg pardon, Mr. Hammer, but can you tell me where my wife is seated? I can't find her.

MR. HAMMER *(auctioneer).*—She has not been here to-day.

MR. BLIFFERS *(wildly).*—My! My! She must be dead.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The sale of *Cook's Imperial Champagne* exceeds all the native wines put together. Why? It is the best.

A VIENNESE professor has invented a talking machine. He 's way behind the age, as most married man can attest. —*Norristown Herald.*



Mount Vernon
PURE RYE

Owing to its fine, full, mellow flavor, this whiskey commands the highest price in barrels (to wholesale dealers) of any brand now on the market, and is the basis of most of the bottled blended whiskies now so extensively advertised.

Bottled at the Distillery with an absolute Guaranty of Purity and Original Condition.

The consumer buying this—the only distillery bottling of MOUNT VERNON (***in SQUARE Bottles, each bearing the Numbered Guaranty Label***)—secures the highest grade of Pure Rye Whiskey in its natural condition, *entirely free from adulteration with cheap spirits and flavorings.*

FOR MEDICINAL USE

it has the endorsement of the most prominent physicians throughout the United States.

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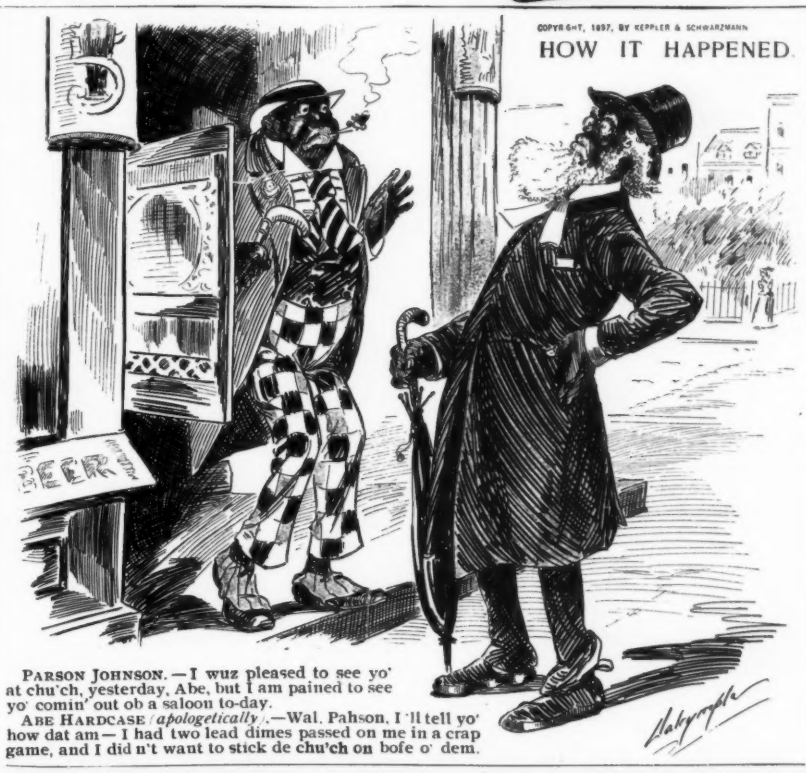
THE COOK & BERNHEIMER CO., New York, Sole Agents for the United States.



PARSON JOHNSON.—I wuz pleased to see yo' at chu'ch, yesterday, Abe, but I am pained to see yo' comin' out ob a saloon to-day.

ABE HARDCASE *(apologetically).*—Wal, Pahson, I 'll tell yo' how dat am—I had two lead dimes passed on me in a crap game, and I did n't want to stick de chu'ch on bofe o' dem.

SEN-SEN
THROAT EASE and BREATH PERFUME
Good for Young and Old.
AT ALL DEALERS OR SENT ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS IN STAMPS
SEN-SEN CO. DEPT P. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

She Was Away.

"Why, Nellie dear," said the little girl's teacher, "I have n't seen you for several days."

"Nome," replied Nellie; "I 've been on an exertion with Mama." — *Harper's Bazar.*

"Do the police suspect anybody of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Whom do they suspect?"

"Oh! that they don't know."—*Roxbury Gazette.*

BILL.—Choiley is living on his wheel this week.

JILL.—What! Has he pawned it already? —*Yonkers Statesman.*

Dr. Jaeger's
Sanitary Underwear
Fits Perfectly

Made in all sizes, all weights, with finest possible finish.

Women This means for you the greatest comfort you have ever experienced, perfect freedom of limb, and the best fit possible for your dresses.

Men This means for you Warmth, **Comfort,** Health.

Boys and Girls For you it means the delicious enjoyment of outdoor sports, without the fear of taking cold.

Babies This means for them freedom from colic and cold, and assures happiness to the mother.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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Solid.

MRS. SLIMDIET *(to NEW BOARDER).*—That is pound-cake, Mr. Starver.

NEW BOARDER *(carefully hefting a piece).*—What did you pound it with?—*New York Weekly.*

"YOUR wife is financially interested in your business, is n't she?"

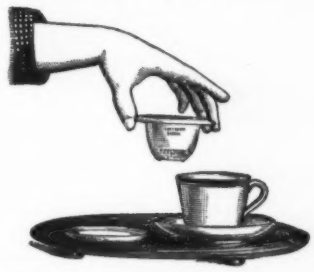
"Yes."

"A silent partner, I suppose?"

"Well—er—that's what she calls herself."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AFTER all, we believe the chronic kicker has saved the world lots of trouble.—*West Union Gazette.*

China Anti-Tannic Tea Infusers



A desideratum for lovers of pure tea. An English fashion for making tea individually. Approved by thousands who have used them. They fit any size cup, and can be sent by mail anywhere. Price 40 cents each.

Write for descriptive leaflet, giving full directions for use.

In the Dinner Set department—the Glass department—the Art Pottery Rooms (3d floor)—Hotel and Club department (4th floor)—the Lamp department—the Stock pattern department (4th floor)—and on the street floor will be seen our extensive exhibit of rich Plant Pots and Pedestals, Boston Souvenir China, German Beer Mugs and Tankards, etc.—extensive exhibits of importations constantly arriving from the best English, French, German, Chinese and Japanese potteries, as well as the best products of our domestic potteries and glass factories.

In brief, the largest, most valuable and comprehensive stock in this line to be seen under one roof on this continent.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co.
China, Glass, Lamp Merchants
(Seven Floors)
120 Franklin St., Boston.
Wholesale and Retail.

A SHALLOW man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.—*Ram's Horn.*

YOU WON'T get the glad hand often if you have an oily skin. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 W. 42d Street, New York, cures oily skin and all skin diseases. 132 Page Beauty Book for 2-cent stamp.

CHEW
Beeman's
The Original
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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

THE GUARDS AT THE GATEWAY OF HEALTH ARE THE TEETH.

ON DUTY FOR LIFE, THEY SHOULD BE STRONG, SERVICEABLE, ATTRACTIVE.

Sozodont

Will make them so.

Use the Liquid daily, the Powder twice a week. Both in one package. Sample for three cents. P. O. Box 247, N. Y. City.

HALL & RUCKEL *Proprietors*

NEW YORK LONDON

TRUTHFUL.

TRAMP.—I 'd like a drink, but I don't suppose you 'd want to change this five-dollar bill.

BARTENDER *(briskly)*.—No trouble about change. Here 's your medicine.

TRAMP. — Thanks. Ah! That 's good whiskey.

BARTENDER.—Eh? Lookee here! This bill is no good!

TRAMP. — Yes; I said you would n't want to change it. — *New York Weekly.*

BLESSED is the man who knows how little he knows of other people's business.—*Ram's Horn.*

1897—1898 Fall and Winter Styles now Ready

You'll Always Wear a Hawes If You Wear One Once

Hawes Guaranteed HATS THE WORLD OVER.

Derbies and Soft Hats, $3 Opera and Silk Hats, $6

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE CLOTH HATS, $3, $4 & $5.
LADIES' ROUND, DRESS AND OPERA HATS.

WE ARE LONG-DISTANCE HATTERS.

If, by chance, you live where "Hawes Hats" are not on sale, the U. S. mail enables you to get one. Remit the price; give us your height, waist measure, and size of hat worn. State whether Stiff, Soft, Opera or Silk Hat is wanted.

Expressage prepaid on all orders. Money refunded, less express charges, in all cases if hats are not satisfactory.

Hawes Hat Company

Broadway, cor. 13th—NEW YORK—Broadway, cor. 30th.

DEBRIS CROP ALL RIGHT.

"They say the peanut crop will be short this year."

"Well, the peanut crop may be short; but I 'll wager there will be peanut shells all over creation just as usual." — *Detroit Free Press.*

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK, famous as an explorer of the Arctic regions, sailed the other day from Brooklyn on the steamer Haveline, to join an expedition in search of the South Pole. This looks too much like going to extremes to gain notoriety. — *Norristown Herald.*

VAN BIBBER CIGARETTES OR LITTLE CIGARS. ALL IMPORTED TOBACCO.

HIGHEST IN PRICE, FINEST IN QUALITY.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

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A NATURAL QUERY.

BRADY.— Begorra! And what koind av a land is this here China?

BROWN.— Oh! I suppose it looks like any other.

BRADY.—Yis; but Howly Saints! How can they all make a livin' at their soapy owld laundries?

THAT WAS ALL.

"You two attorneys look like brothers," said the client to the partners in a law firm.

"But we are not," replied one.

"No," added the other; "we are only brothers in law."—*Detroit Free Press.*

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

MRS. BLOOBUMPER.— How did the detectives happen to suspect him, disguised as he was in women's clothes?

BLOOBUMPER.— He passed a milliner's store window without looking in. — *Harlem Life.*

THE relatives of the deceased may fool the neighbors at a funeral, but you bet the undertaker is on to them.— *Atchison Globe.*

"From The Skin Out"

you must be comfortably clad in order to enjoy your expedition.

YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR

represents the greatest comfort and most perfect fit. A perfect one-piece garment—the underwear for progressive people.

Sold in all cities and large towns.

Booklet free.

Hay & Todd Mfg. Co., Ypsilanti, Mich.

"Never rip and never tear, Ypsilanti Underwear."

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Endwell Braces

are the best suspenders for

careful dressers

Style combined with comfort and service as in no others.

The standard American suspender

Best Furnishers keep them.
Sample Pair, mailed postpaid, 50 cents.
A cheaper model at 25 cents.

CHESTER SUSPENDER COMPANY,
4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.

AGRICULTURAL GEOGRAPHY.

FIRST WESTERN FARMER *(at railroad station)*.— You 're a farmer, too, eh?

SECOND WESTERN FARMER.— Yes; been farmin' a good many years.

FIRST FARMER.— That so? Glad to meet ye. Where is your farm located — in the flood district, the drought section, the grasshopper region, or the cyclone belt?— *N. Y. Weekly.*

DUDWAY.— Smudgkins told me that he gets forty dollars a week as salesman in a dry-goods store.

DUEBILL.— Is that so? I wonder what he does with the difference between what he gets and what he says he gets? —*Roxbury Gazette.*

SHE.— Every one says she has such very small feet.

HE.—Yes; she 's heard it so often that it 's given her the big head. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

Pickings from Puck

The above, depicting **"The New Woman Taking Out Hubby,"** is a reduced facsimile of the Cover of

Pickings from Puck, No. 25,

the contents of which are as bright, amusing, and up-to-date as ever.

All dealers. 25 cents per copy. By mail on receipt of price. Address: PUCK, N. Y.

THE temple of commerce is supported by columns of advertising.— *Profitable Advertising.*

OVERHEARD AT BAR HARBOR.

HE.— Give me a kiss.

SHE *(decidedly)*.— I won't!

HE. — You should n't say "I won't" to me; you should have said, "I prefer not."

SHE.— But that would n't be true.— *Harlem Life.*

A MAN claiming to be an artist was locked up in jail at St. Joseph, Mo., recently for having ten wives. We don't dispute his claim. It takes an artist to get along with ten wives.— *Norristown Herald.*

POOR people always get some satisfaction out of the fact that the rich can't take their money along when they die.— *Washington Democrat.*

A MAN who keeps out of lodge processions has genius, and can make something out of himself if he tries.— *Atchison Globe.*

Cycle Club Life would be dull without the....

Veeder Cyclometer to back up the stories.

Dust-proof. Water-proof. Positively Accurate. ¾ in. long. Wt. 1 oz. Price $1.50.

Shows large, plain figures. Beware of Imitations. At all Dealers. Booklet Free.

VEEDER MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

TRADE MARK ADOPTED JAN. 1881.

R. STEINECKE CO.
MAKERS ✣ NEW YORK

E. C. HAZARD & CO., Dist. Agents,
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SPIRIT.—H'm! They were our regular party candidates, sir.

ST. PETER. — Well, you will find most of them in Department X.

SPIRIT.—Thank you. But I have no wings to fly to them.

ST. PETER.—You don't have to fly. You dive.—*New York Weekly.*

PLEASANT OCCASION.

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CRIMSONBEAK.—These weather clerks are very uncertain.

YEAST.—What makes you think so?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Why, one of them said, yesterday, it would rain, and it did.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CUSTOMER.—Here, waiter, take this cream away; it has a red hair in it.

WAITER.—What kind of hair do you expect in strawberry ice cream?—*Harlem Life.*

WHEN a Missourian commits a crime away from home, he believes he is all right if he can get back to Missouri.—*Atchison Globe.*

THIS has been a very short Summer, owing to the fact that it did not begin till it was about half over.—*West Union Gazette.*

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CONFIDENCE.

THE FARMER.—Yes; that young minister is a bright young man.

TOURIST.—Is he orthodox or heterodox?

THE FARMER.—I dunno, exactly;—but you can bet he 's whichever of 'em is right!

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MR. PARAGRAPH *(thoughtfully).*—Perhaps I could—if I had a little larger salary.—*New York Weekly.*

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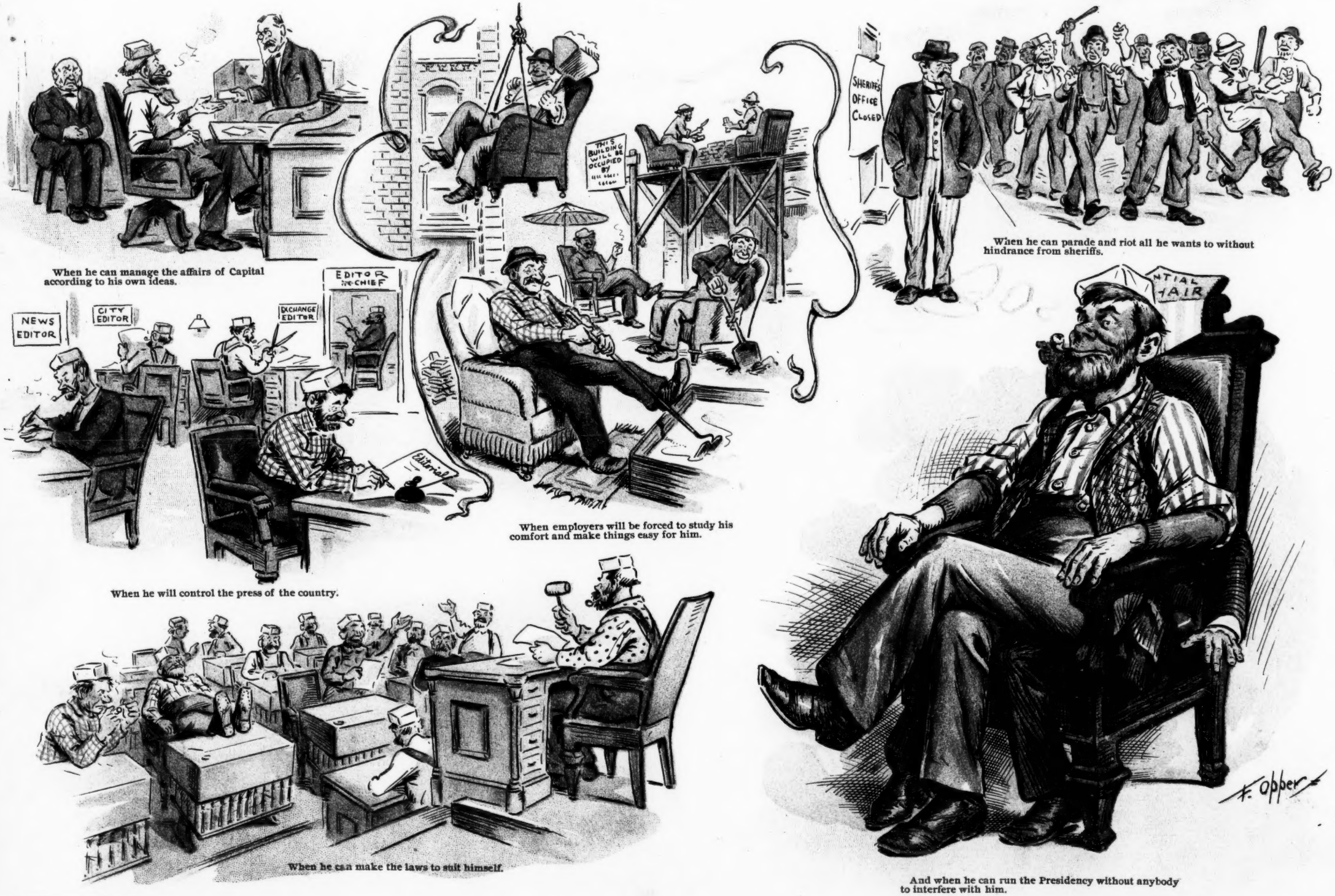

When he can manage the affairs of Capital according to his own ideas.

When he can parade and riot all he wants to without hindrance from sheriffs.

When employers will be forced to study his comfort and make things easy for him.

When he will control the press of the country.

When he can make the laws to suit himself.

And when he can run the Presidency without anybody to interfere with him.

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WHEN THE WORKINGMAN WILL BE CONTENTED.